THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 20, 1809.

MEMOIR *of the* MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

HE was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1704. His father, M. Boyer, Marquis d'Argens, was procureur-general of the parliament of that city; and young D'Argens preferring the profession of arms when he was scarcely fifteen, served first in the marines, and then in the regiment of Richelieu, after having been received as a knight of Malta. About this time his connections with the lady, he calls the handsome Sylvia, commenced.

The petulance and impetuosity of his youth were subjects of much discontent and unhappiness to his father, who, in the end, disinherited him; but Monsieur D'Eugilles, his younger brother, president of the parliament of Aix, annulled the deed of inheritance, by making an equal division of the property, and by adopting a natural daughter of the marquis, and restoring her to the name and rights she derived from her father. At first he would by no means consent to this arrangement, fearful of doing what might displease the family; but the reasons and the principles of justice which the magistrate advanced soon found their way to his heart, and Mademoiselle Mina became Marchioness D'Argens.

On his return from a journey to Spain, where he left his mistress Sylvia, he became reconciled to his family; but he soon left France, and departed for Constantinople along with Monsier D'Andreselle, ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, of whom he speaks in the memoirs he published of his own life. A judgment may be formed of his character, and of his extravagant

gant conduct in that city, by the following anecdote, which M. Thiebault furnishes in his Recollections, and which might have been wrought up to advantage in a theatric representation.

On his arrival at the capital of the Turkish empire, he conceived the design of witnessing the ceremonies used in the mosques. Nothing could dissuade him from undertaking this dangerous enterprize, in which, if he had been discovered or betrayed, he would only have escaped the scaffold or the bow-string, by assuming the turban, or, in other words, becoming mussulman; he applied to the Turk who kept the keys of the mosque of Santa Sophia, and by dint of bribery succeeded in gaining him to his purpose. It was agreed between them at the next great day of public worship, the infidel should introduce the Christian in great secresy by night, and that he should conceal him behind a painting which was placed, a long time back, at the bottom of a tribune, which was in front of the gate. The marquis would be the safer in this place as it was seldom opened; and, besides, it was situated at the west end of the mosque, and the Mahometans always in their prayers face to Mecca, which lies east of Constantinople, and never turn their heads without giving cause for scandal; a point on which they are so scrupulous, that they never turn when they quit the mosques, but always go backward to the gate.

The Marquis D'Argens, seated at his ease, beheld the whole of the ceremonies of the Turkish religion; yet he gave frequent cause of alarm to his guide—almost every minute he quitted his hiding place, and advanced to the middle of the tribune, in order that he might have a better view of what was passing in the mosque. Then the poor Turk, who knew he ran no less a risk than that of being impaled alive, intreated him, by the most expressive signs and gestures, to retire quickly behind his picture. The terror of the man was a subject of the highest amusement to the knight of Malta, who played the more upon his fears.

But they were a hundred-fold, if possible, increased, when he took a flask of wine and a piece of ham from his pocket, and offered him share of both. The disciple of Mahomet was in absolute despair; but what could he do? he must bear all in order to conceal his guilt, and save himself from punishment. The marquis threatened him; and the Turk was compelled to drink of the wine, and eat of the ham, and thus profane himself, his religion, and the mosque. The miserable man was for some instants like one petrified; he thought he beheld the avenging arm of the prophet raised above his head; by degrees, however, he became more calm; he even began to be familiar with his guilt; and when the devotees had all left the mosque, and he saw himself alone with the Christian dog,

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they finished their breakfast with a good grace, laughed at the danger they had run, and parted most excellent friends.

The Marquis D'Argens, in his Memoirs, exposes with great candour the adventures of his journey, and the motive which induced him to return to France. His father anxiously wished him to study the law; but the ardent character of the young man could not be persuaded by his sage advice. He again re-entered the service, and in 1733 he was appointed to the cavalry; he was at the siege of Beihl, where he was slightly wounded; in 1734, after the siege of Philipsbourg, he had a fall from his horse, which so disabled him, that he was never able to mount afterwards, and he was obliged in consequence to renounce the service.

It appears, that it was at the time of his refusal to embrace the profession his father wished him, when he returned from Constantinople, that his father disinherited him, not being able, owing to the smallness of his fortune, to sustain with credit the expensive life his son led.

He was compelled, when he retired from the service, to go to Holland to seek resources from his pen. The liberty of the press, which then existed in that country, allowed him to make choice of any subject his fancy suggested. He published successively, the "Jewish, Chinese, and Cabalistic Letters." They were admired, and brought him some money; most of them turning on subjects of morality, politics, manners, religious customs and ceremonies, and the events of nations. The lively manner in which they were written, the boldness of some of the ideas, and the singularity of the style, caused them to be much read, and generally approved.

Immediately after the death of old Frederick the Second, he repaired to Berlin. Matters were then so much changed that the new monarch wrote thus to the young marquis, whose "Jewish Letters" he so highly esteemed:—"No longer, my dear marquis, be afraid of the battalions of guards—come, and brave them even on the parade at Potzdam."

When he received this letter he was at Stutgard, in the service of the duchess dowager of Wirtemberg; she had a wish to visit Berlin, and see Frederick. The opportunity being favourable, they set out together.

The king received him in the most flattering manner; he invited him to dinner every day; their conversation was lively and agreeable; nothing in appearance was more flattering, or more likely to satisfy the wishes, and flatter the ambition of a philosopher; but weeks rolled on, and no mention was made of fulfilling the promises which had led the new guest from a situation less brilliant, but sufficient for his wants.

The marquis having vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of this neglect, and having waited six weeks, lost all patience;

and, on returning home one day immediately after dinner, he sent a note to the king, couched in the following terms :—

" Sire ! For six weeks that I have had the honour to be near your majesty, my purse has suffered so rigorous a blockade, that if you gain so many battles, take so many fortresses, and do not speedily come to its assistance, I shall be obliged to capitulate, and re-cross the Rhine within a week."

The king had his friend Jordan with him when the note was brought to him—" See here," said he, " what that fool D'Argens has written ; he wishes to leave us." Jordan esteemed the marquis, and for that reason said to his master, after having read the note—" I know the provencals, and their impatience ; but I particularly know the marquis, while uneasiness torments him, and his mind is at a stand, he will never rest, and after having threatened to take his departure within eight days, he will be off in two or three days at the farthest." The king was alarmed left Jordan should have prophesied too truly, and he returned these few words in answer to his note :—" Be satisfied, my dear marquis, your fate shall be decided to-morrow by dinner-time ;" and, in fact, the next morning, the marquis, on his arrival at the palace, received the key of office as chamberlain, with a salary of six thousand francs, and was also appointed director of the class of belles-lettres of the royal academy, which gave him an additional annual increase of eight hundred francs.

This generosity on the part of Frederick soon changed the resolution of the marquis. He settled at Berlin ; he cultivated literature and the friendship of the great prince, who so well knew how to reward those who made it their occupation. He was constantly one of the king's social and private parties.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LONG PACK.

A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 910.)

IDEAS beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through, and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he would work amongst them with Copenhagen ; how he would make some to lie with their entrails in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one,

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and scatter the brains of another; how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind-mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! but the plaguy long time he always lost in loading, would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, whom he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the house, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitch forks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house, and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet, until an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call, so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance.

The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants in, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but he who surveys and over-rules futurity, could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and flustered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe, by the dim light of the starry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased, as they approached, to the noise of thunder, and, in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to their account exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring toward the hall-door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it

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was, however, the watch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds, the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt, greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and gallopped off without them; but the club below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their birth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, which appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching any thing.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frighted out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within side the gate, endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some enquiring after the smallest

smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician, who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair, but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Then, indeed, advertisements were issued, and posted up in all public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some, indeed, were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done; but certain it is, sundry of these were never more seen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack, lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Billingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpse taken away. In short, not one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time.

The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham; and Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments, He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenay, but recovered; and retiring on half-pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, but rash officer: kind, generous, and open hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the long pack.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, now many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind.

kind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold gravel in the bowels of the earth.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Pride—the Author of Perseverance in Error.

THAT we are more ready to commit than confess our faults, is a mournful truth; and that he who has despised the laws of his fellow-creatures, and daringly acted in opposition to their commands, shrinks, though prompted by conviction, from the acknowledgement of his error, is an assertion which an observation of mankind, and a knowledge of the human heart, must contribute to support. And this evil is easily traced to its root; pride is the parent of this as well as of many other of our weaknesses. There is something gratifying to the haughty spirit of a man, in being able to set at defiance the injunctions of society, the advice of friends, and the frown of enemies; but in recanting, in allowing we have been led away by our passions, or have acted wrong through fallibility of judgment, self-love is mortified, and pride degraded. But let it be remembered by all, but by the young especially, as the most liable to deception, that our present state of being is imperfect; that man must be expected to err; that the wisest men have confessed their faults; that renunciation of falsehood is the first step in pursuit of truth; and contrition the surest method of obtaining pardon. Let it also be called to mind, that pride is the greatest enemy to our happiness, and that many have suffered, and many far more severely from its effects, than him, a short sketch of whose situation is subjoined.

Eugene was obliged to remove for the purpose of studying the profession for which he was designed, from the metropolis, where he was born and brought up, into the country, and, as it happened, into one of its most solitary and uncultivated parts. He is in that very early period of life, when the society and friendship of an agreeable female, is, perhaps, more prized and sought after than at a riper age; and consequently was not a little pleased on being introduced at the house, of almost the only friend the neighbourhood afforded him, to two elegant and accomplished girls, who were there on a visit; nor is it surprising that after the first half year spent in their company, had he expressed the language of his heart, it undoubtedly would have been, "May their visits be long and frequent!" His wish was in part gratified, their visits were frequent, and

terms of intimacy followed those of formality. In their occasional society, Eugene began almost to forget the bustle and splendour of London, and the dullness and solitude of the country; but his pleasures were short-lived; familiarity succeeded intimacy, and in the moments of exultation, his gallant sallies sometimes exceeded the bounds of rigid propriety and politeness. Unaware of his error, and rejoicing in his happiness, he was astonished, on being informed by a friend, "that his company would be gladly dispensed with by the ladies." But pride quickly usurped the place of astonishment, and instead of an explanation and apology, his conduct at their next meeting was reserved and sullen, and even when addressed in the course of conversation, his looks spoke contempt, but he did not deign to utter any reply. The conduct of the young ladies in these circumstances was uniformly civil, 'till wearied out by a repetition of indifferent or disdainful looks, and actions, they modelled their conduct by his; and I have since seen them pass each other in the street, without the least notice, and even dine together in perfect silence; indeed, it is most probable, that in their bosoms, real has been the consequence of his affected contempt. But after the first heat of anger was passed, this alteration could not be unfelt by Eugene, he

"Soon miss'd the smiles, that taught his heart to beat,"

And sighed in secret for that society he outwardly affected to despise; but pride forbids him to acknowledge himself wrong, and he still continues to deport himself in such a manner that none but those who, like myself, possess his confidence, are aware that his dislike is feigned. Should this meet his eye, let him remember that as it requires more true courage to refuse than accept a challenge, so more true nobleness of mind is displayed in an acknowledgement of our faults, than in an obstinate persistance in them; and that the character of an unbending spirit is too dearly purchased at the expence of our happiness. Let him also bear in mind the scripture injunction, "Agree with thine adversary quickly, &c." and descend from the heights of pride, to the lowly but more safe path of humility; and I sincerely wish him all that success, which from a slight knowledge of those whom he has offended, I think it even more than possible he may obtain.

A FRIEND.

REMARKABLE PHÆNOMENA *in* ITALY.

IN the evening of the 26th of June, 1809, a terrestrial water spout appeared about a league south-east of Carmagnole,

in the department of the Po. The weather was stormy. The cloud which gave rise to this meteor was greyish, and not very large; but it began to lengthen on one side, forming, as it were, a very sharp tail, which approached the earth in a serpentine line. The cloud had then the shape of a reversed cone, part of which emitted a very perceptible yellowish light; this cone, about half way between the summit and base, might be eight or nine yards in circumference. As it approached the earth, a kind of cloud that looked like smoke, having also the appearance of a kind of cone, was formed, and its summit advanced towards the water-spout.

The duration of this meteor was twenty minutes, during which it traversed a space of more than eight hundred yards, and then descended in a deluge of water. In its way it overthrew a young oak, and stripped the bark from a mulberry-tree, the roots of which were almost entirely laid bare, by the removal of the earth, which covered them. The bark was reduced to a dry, whitish, and almost friable substance. The lower cone also exerted its fury upon the dust, which it raised, and the corn which was then cut in the fields, and which it carried away and dispersed. A man, who was in the line traversed by this phenomenon, feeling himself beginning to rise, held by a bush, that he might not be carried away. A quarter of an hour after the disappearance of the water-spout, there was a thunder storm, with hail. The thermometer was at 18°, and the mercury in the barometer, which at first stood at twenty seven inches six lines, rapidly fell, 2½ lines.

Another phenomenon, attended however with still more mischievous effects, occurred on the 8th of July, near Aix, in the department of Mont Blanc. The wind was south, and the thermometer at 22°; the cloud in which it originated, appeared in the form of a water-spout, about six miles from Aix, at a considerable elevation. It proceeded along the chain of the Lesser Alps, situated north-west of Chamberry; it was slightly charged with electric matter, and carried along with it a prodigious mass of flakes of ice, with a tremendous noise. Having traversed the distance of about eighteen miles, along the summit of the mountains, a contrary current of wind meeting it above Lake Bourget, about six miles from Aix, detached a portion which was carried toward the north-north east; while the other continued its course westward, towards the Lyonnois. In both directions, the storm spread devastation through the vallies. The town of Annecy has not a single pane of glass, or tile left whole. The lumps of ice were as large as a man's fist; some weighing three, three and half, and even four pounds. Numbers of the country-people are wounded; several shepherds are killed, and great numbers of cattle killed and wounded. The desolation is general throughout a tract of forty-

forty-two miles. The progress of the column of ice along the mountain, opposite to Aix, exhibited the most terrific, and at the same time imposing spectacle that can possibly be conceived.

After the extraordinary tide observed on the 4th of July last, in the whole gulf of Spezzia, and which is called by the Italians *terremoto di mare*, (sea earthquake) the whole course of the tides there was totally deranged for the seven or eight succeeding days. The ebb and flood were sensibly perceived at intervals of a quarter of an hour, half an hour, and an hour, during that whole space of time. A sloop, within sight of Leghorn, was overtaken the same day by this tide which in a moment rendered the sea, before quite calm, extremely rough. The cause of this phenomenon is supposed to have some connection with the earthquakes, which the western part of Italy has so frequently experienced for some years; fresh shocks of which were felt by the towns and vallies of Suze and Pignerol, on the 2d and 3d of July last. It cannot be doubted, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, frequently convulse the bottom of the sea, without occasioning the mischief which they produce on land, and without its being possible for them to be observed, even by navigators. The Italian expression for this phenomenon would therefore be perfectly correct, and founded upon the laws and effects of nature.

Singular Account of English Policy, &c.

[By a FOREIGNER.]

THE following very absurd and singular ideas are copied from a correspondence, which fell into my hands, and as they are amusing by their oddity, though far distant from truth, I trust that they will dish out a fine feast for our patriotism.

"In this country, the constitution consists, as you well know, of a king, lords, and commons, elected by the people. The king, however, who bears a high character, it is understod, does not concern himself with business, it being considered by this odd people, that the national business is always to be conducted by the servants; for, in this *nation boutiquière*, the servants only are to be seen behind the counter. As to the lords, the parsons in this country join the two sexes in the bonds of matrimony, and upon any *faux-pas*, what the Lord in the singular number has united the lords in the plural, though I do not say they are gods, dissolve. As to the commons, I am told, that they have a presiding officer, whom they call a speaker, but who, by office, is prohibited from speaking; and that there have been, in times past, in that house, many *auto-*

mata, whose eyes and mouths the ministers directed with a string; and it is astonishing, I am told, how well these puppets resembled real men; the ministers too give, I am told, grand dinners, but not of turtle, venison, and the nice things. The dishes, they say, consist of loaves and fishes; and they tell me, that it is very good fare. When they are assembled, they do not talk much of the national affairs, but often call one another hard names.

"There is another party in this nation, whom the people call jacobins, or persons who wish to overturn this constitution of king, lords, and commons. For my part, I see no reason why they should wish it. The lower orders of the people have that commendable quality, that they will not, if they can possibly avoid it, become chargeable to the parish. Now, I have been told, that it being the custom in this country for persons of title or station to leave the whole of their fortunes to the eldest sons, the nation is the great workhouse, into which they put their younger children; that thus the rewards of merit are anticipated, and interest and corruption rendered predominant. I must own, therefore, that I think Mr. Cobbet and those gentlemen do not strike at the root of the evil, in laying that blame to the constitution, which ought only to attach to the laws of primogeniture, and a dislike to saving money. But there is an infinite convenience in making interest the sole channel of promotion; because, were merit regarded, we should not see them to one's heart good, so laugh, grow fat and merry. The nation does, like the jack-ass, work hard; but these are indeed a most comfortable sty of pigs. The negro sai , pig be the only gentleman in England; but it is probably an artful transposition, for I think that he really said, "The gentleman in England be only a pig,"—that is, handsomely maintained at the expence of the nation, for no other reason, but because he is of a family which has interest; and is one of that really swinish multitude, who likes dependent maintenance, without honour or service—Lazy swindlers!

"When a service of importance is required, it is not sought who is the fittest for the office, but what person of rank can be most obliged by the appointment. If a battle be to be fought, it is not he who can fight it best, who has the chance of the appointment, but he who can command troops to combat the opposition in the commons; and the people, who are clamourous for liberty and freedom, always elect such representatives as most encourage their zeal for freedom, by buying the suffrages. The best qualification for the senate, in the singular policy of these people's opinions is, 'the cheerful giver,' whom God loveth; and with real piety, they adopt the apostolical injunction.

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"When war is declared, because their country owes its salvation to a navy, they consider that there are no hardships too great to be endured by sailors. It is evident that in some nations who could less afford it, militia, marines, and regular troops, would be only one and the same body of men, serving on sea and land, wholly or alternately, as occasion required. Upon the commencement of a war, unlike any other nation in Europe, they shut up the most valuable military part of the population, in the form of a militia at home, that they may not sustain any further detriment from the life of a soldier, than now and then catching cold.

"The people, indeed, have a right of outcry, by which they do consign misbehaving persons to a shelf, upon which they are laid up and forgotten. But after a time, it is very common for the gentlemen high in office to come with cloths, brushes, towels, &c. take them down, brush, wipe, and dust them, and send them out again, as bran new, though they are known to be only second-hand. Three or four persons of note are now upon the shelf; and I understand that they express the most piteous lamentations about not being taken down, but they are told, that it is not yet time enough: they justly state, that the lace and epaulettes of their uniforms are already much tarnished with the damp, which public obloquy creates; they are told, however, to console themselves, for they may catch the rheumatism, and persons far in age, gouty, &c. have often been deemed the fittest to employ in expeditions requiring activity and enterprise."

X. Y. Z.

On GOOD-NATURE.

OF all the dispositions which engage love, and ensure contentment, the disposition to be pleased stands foremost; without it, no person was ever long acceptable as a companion, or dear as a friedd. The semblance of this amiable quality renders public places so agreeable; for though it be only worn as a mask, and the assembly may indulge themselves in remarks very opposite to benevolence afterwards, the appearance of gaiety and good humour must be preserved in such societies, to render them desirable.

The fastidious, however excellent; the suspicious, however penetrating; the satiric, however entertaining; cannot be loved; those who indulge in harsh conjectures, and triumph in seeing them well-founded, are ill qualified for the pilgrimage of life, where they are necessarily associated with people of various characters, different tastes, and opposite pursuits. Subject

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as we are to the same vicissitudes and evils, nothing can render them supportable, or the road comfortable, but conciliating the favour of our fellow-travellers. Some there are, who love to jostle and circumvent each other throughout the journey; but they are always known and avoided before the end of it, and miss alike enjoyment and success.

Nothing (says an eminent writer) so clearly proves the excellence of good-nature, as that it disposes us to bear with those who are destitute of every other.

Though philanthropy and penetration have been supposed in their very nature to be things incompatible, on a close inspection they will be found inseparably united. It is because we only see partially, that we do not bear patiently, and interpret kindly. Who makes so many allowances for the ignorant as the wise? who feels so much pity for the evil as the good? and the great advocate for the human race, is the being of perfection.

By penetration is commonly understood a quick-sightedness into the faults of our fellow-creatures; but this is only a part, the easiest and the worst part, of sagacity. To discern a spark of radical worth, obscured as it may be by many errors, to do homage to upright principle accompanied with bigotry, to espy the modest virtues in the shade where slander or malevolence have placed them; this is penetration, not to discover (what is generally obvious enough) the predominant failing in a character; though, even in this respect, the censorious judge inaccurately, as the eye which has a beam in it, sees the mote double.

Far be it from the moralist to palliate vice; and in this age, it is the virtuous who need an advocate; we are accustomed to hear the softest appellations given to gross enormities, and to see the most splendid colourings bestowed on meretricious and dishonourable conduct.

There was a time in England, when the novelist and the poet always represented their heroes virtuous, and engaged our interest for a worthy character; but now, even the drama presents its chief personage destitute of every excellence; and with no charm but allurement, endeavours to inspire not only our pity, but our admiration, for some adultress, or spendthrift. To be pleased with such a subversion of right and wrong, is not good-nature, but depraved principle, and comes under the denomination of positive evil.

SNAKE STONES.

THESE were amulets used by the druids; Pliny says they wore them as a badge of distinction, and tells a very ridiculous

culous story of the manner of taking them; but, according to Camden, or his continuator, there is a like superstition about this matter still subsisting in most parts of Wales, throughout all Scotland, and in Cornwall. He says, it is there, "the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer eve, (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies; and that, by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed, like a ring, about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on 'till it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens and resembles a glass ring, which, whoever finds, (as some old women and children are persuaded,) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *gleinen nadroedh*; in English, snake stones. They are small glass amulets, commonly about half as wide as our finger rings, but much thicker, of a green colour usually, though some of them are blue, and others curiously waved with blue, red, and white."

On the Custom of turning to the East in Churches of the Established Religion of this Country, at the Repetition of the Apostles' Creed.

IT was the belief of some of the fathers of the church, that Christ would appear at the last day to judge the world from the east part of Heaven. Hence, at the repetition of the creed, they turned their faces to the east, to shew that they were ready to meet him. Another reason was, that hereby they manifested the unity of their faith by standing in the same posture. There were many customs in the ancient church, the origin of which cannot be traced. However, the church of England hath adopted this custom from the Romish church. When the people face the east, and the minister the western part of the church, at the repetition of the creed, he turns his back to the people; but here he is not to be considered as speaking to the people, but with them joining in the confession of his faith before God—the people are supposed to know the creed, and, therefore, need not attend to his voice.

The belief that Christ would appear at last in the east, caused churches to be built east and west; the communion table in the east and the door of entrance in the west. In the Jewish synagogue, the holy of holies was placed in the west, and the door of entrance in the east. The heathen worshipped the rising sun, their faces towards the east. Ezekiel, chap. 8, condemns 25 men for worshipping toward the east, with their backs towards the temple. Daniel prayed with his face towards

wards the temple. The divine presence in the Jewish temple caused this command to be given them, particularly by Solomon in his prayer.

In the burial of the dead, the feet are always placed in the east, the face looking towards the east, to shew they are ready to rise at the last day. There is no rubric or church law for either of these customs.

Till the middle of the fifth century, the grand entrance into churches was from the east, and the communion table was in the centre surrounded by a rail. The great door of entrance to St. Peter's, at Rome, is from the east. The custom of turning to the east is certainly superstitious; but no person is bound by any church law to do it. We may therefore repeat the creed with our faces to the west if we choose it.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

PRESUMPTUOUS ability is often more admired than simple honesty; a supposition somewhat accredited by the following anecdote:—

"Being present at a meeting of Mr. Fox's friends at the Shakespear Tavern, about the year 1788, preparatory to a general election, I saw a person enter the room, who, from the elegance of his dress and form, might have been easily mistaken for a nobleman; he was habited in black, his hair elegantly dressed, a *chapeau bras* under his arm, and a superb hilted sword at his side. A great crowd was standing on the benches that lined the tables, among which the unknown inserted himself; and, coming to the spot where I stood, he, in a very courteous manner, requested leave to step across the table, to prevent the disagreeable trouble of going round. He had mounted the bench, and advanced one foot on the table, when a plain athletic man at my right hand, drawn thither, like me, by curiosity, churlishly answered, that he should not pass there, and rather insultingly pushed him back on to the floor. I was as much surprised at this rude treatment as at the tacit acquiescence of the gentleman, who walked away, and did not even mumble the *retort courteous*. I now remonstrated with my uncivil neighbour, who readily explained the motive of his conduct, by saying, "Sir, that man, decorated like a lord, is one of the greatest pickpockets in London; his name is Tag; he attends the theatres regularly, and his object here is not from principle, but for property, if he can find any." This statement I believed to be true, from his sudden disappearance, and not appearing to be noticed by any one. Shortly after Mr. Fox had entered, and the disorder had subsided, he arose, and

requested any gentleman who might have disapproved of his parliamentary conduct to come forward, and avow his reasons, that he might answer them. Mr. A. a young man, then stood up on the table, and honestly declared, that he was one to whom his political conduct had given great offence. As this declaration was not supported by any charge or illustration, the assembly became vociferous, and "Your reasons; your reasons!" was loudly repeated from all corners of the room. Mr. A. was silent; and the pickpocket, rising on the seat, smartly replied, "He has no reason!—I speak as a medical man!"—The latter was now warmly applauded, and Mr. A. hissed off the scene, who quitted it in favour of the more penetrating abilities of his satirist.

AN OBSERVER.

ECCLESIASTICAL CENSURES.

DURING the submission of England to the papal yoke, ecclesiastical censures were rigidly imposed, and implicitly obeyed. An eminent instance of this occurred in the reign of Henry the Fifth, when the wives of Lord Strange and Sir John Tressel, "striving for place" at St. Dunstan's church during divine service, their husbands and attendants at length engaged in the affray. The quarrel soon became general; many were wounded, and one man actually killed. The delinquents, however, were quickly secured, and the service of the church immediately suspended. After due examination, Lord and Lady Strange being adjudged by the archbishop of Canterbury to be the aggressors, were commanded to do public penance, which they thus performed. The officiating priest of St. Dunstan's led the procession, after whom walked his lordship's servants, partly unclothed; then followed Lord Strange, bare-headed, carrying a lighted taper; his lady barefooted; and last of all the archdeacon. In this order they proceeded from St. Paul's, where the sentence was pronounced, to St. Dunstan's, where the lady, at the ceremony of re-hallowing the church, filled all the vessels with water, and presented at the altar an ornament of ten pounds value, while Lord Strange gave a pix of silver that cost half that sum.

MONTESQUIEU.

WHEN Montesquieu's Persian Letters appeared, they had such a prodigious run, that the booksellers used to stop every one they met, with "Write me some Persian letters."

Answer, by J. C. of Thorncombe, to W. B.'s Rebus, inserted September 11.

THAT man can easy pass thro' life
Whom God has bless'd with a good WIFE.

☞ S Tucker, of Bugford, has sent a similar answer.

Answer, by J. C. Jun. of Ottery St. Mary, to J. Whitnell's Charade, inserted September 25.

SWIFT thro' the air the LAPWING flies,
The bird you held in deep disguise.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Ball, and J. French, at Wivershot-school; H. B. of Bridgewater; John Woodman, of North Curry; J. W. of Charmouth; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; Caroline Caines, of Lion's-gate; S. Tucker, of Bugford; T. Pearse, of Camelford; G. H. Bynon, of Plymouth; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Hurd, of Honiton; W. B. of Taunton; and W. Kent, near Camelford.

Answer, by Sirron, to J. C.'s Rebus, inserted September 25.

YOUR rebus ne'er could meet my sight
Unless before my eyes I'd LIGHT.

†*† We have received the like answer from H. B. of Bridgewater; John Kerby, of Helston; C. Caines, of Lion's-gate; W. Kent, near Camelford; J. Hurd, of Honiton; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A REBUS, *by S. Tucker, of Bugford.*

ATTENTION, gents. an interjection name;
Pernicious next! too oft the source of fame;
This spells the miser's heart doth oft subdue,
Source of contention, fraud, and murder too;
One letter mute must of each part remain;
You'll find my whole 'midst the celestial train!
Omniscient Power! Oh hear my humble voice!
And let my theme be ev'ry nation's choice!
'Twill make all strife, all petty discord, cease,
In endless joys, and everlasting peace.

An ENIGMA, *by B. Carvosso, of Cosawes.*

YE curious gents, 'tis my desire,
To shew my trade, and then retire;
In higher circles seldom void,
With numbers under me employ'd;
Maintain'd by kings of great renown,
From potent foes I screen the crown;
Oft rob'd in silk, nay silver too,
E'en gold I sometimes deign to shew;
When numbers of my kind combine
We oft have seen in well-dress'd line;
Chang'd and transpos'd in divers modes,
Crush'd and deform'd by heavy loads;
Worn out at length, grey hairs you view:
Pray seek my name; dear friends adieu!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EVENING.

BRIGHT Sol has now withdrawn his cheering rays,
And sable night her "leaden sceptre" sways;
No busy noise disturbs th' attentive ear,
Nor giddy baubles to the eye appear;
Wrapt in the shades of darkness' mantling veil,
These objects can no more the sight assail,
All's hush'd in silence, and in soft repose—
The weary seek their rest, the wretched ease their woes.

Welcome to me sweet evening's peaceful hours!
To yield the mind to meditation's pow'rs,
T'assist the thought the muse's lays inspire,
In humble strains who strikes the sounding lyre;
To contemplation let my views be giv'n,
To soar aloft the wide expanse of heav'n,
And there, in the immensity of space,
The hand of that All-Powerful Being trace
Who bade the mighty wheels of nature roll,
Th' unwieldy planets move around their poles,
And in their steady orbits onward run,
Tracing their annual course around the sun.

View there the countless stars that, fix'd on high,
Gild and adorn the beauteous vaulted sky,
Were these, vain man! assert with all thy might,
Form'd for thy use alone, to give thee light?
Are they not worlds? Perhaps each star a sun,
Around which, as their center, planets run.
What then is earth alone, this little ball?
A trifling speck indeed, compar'd to all.
What then is man, proud man! who dares advance
That all around him is th' effect of chance?
Vain man! who, thus compar'd, appears no more
Than the least grain of sand upon the shore.
Dares he believe that nature, and her laws,
Are not the effects of an immediate cause?
What pow'rs then are they that these orbs controul,
The harmony and order of the whole;
The symmetry throughout the vast expanse,
Say, infidel, are these the works of chance?
Bow, stubborn heart! asham'd, and freely own,
The pow'r supreme, the great Eternal One!
Creation's God, who by his works is seen,
And whose all-guiding hand directs the whole machine.

Exeter, October, 1809. HENRY ELLIS.

TO-MORROW.

HOW sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display!

How

How sweet when we can from futurity borrow,
A balm from the griefs that afflict us to day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health, and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope (Oh how soon it would lessen my anguish!)
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings will cease;
That at home then, with care sympathetic attended,
I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
The fond expectation, with joy how replete!
That from far distant regions, by providence guided,
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress'd,
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be a sweet sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of life are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!
But the infidel then, surely, sees no to-morrow!
Yet he knows that his moments are passing away:
Poor wretch! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
That his joys and his life will expire with to-day!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

L O V E.

ON the banks of the soft gliding Tone,
Which nature has form'd for delight,
Stands a cottage with ivy o'ergrown,
In which friendship with love doth unite.

It was first in that happy retreat,
That my Laura attracted mine eyes;
And I learnt in that sweet rural seat
The pomp of the world to despise.

'Twas there all my cares I forgot,
There to love I devoted my soul;
And happier far is my lot
Than the joys of the full flowing bowl.

I once with gay mirth was content,
And confidence plac'd in my friend;
But friendship nor mirth could invent
The bliss that on love doth attend.

What is wealth, or what's grandeur to me,
Who am now so beset with delight
That no pleasure on earth I can see
When my Laura's remov'd from my sight.

Let poets their verses inscribe
To warriors and heroes of fame,
Still *my* soul nought but love shall imbibe,
And all other things I disclaim.

October 8, 1809. SIRRON.